WARHAMMER

UNIFORMS & HERALDRY of THE HIGH ELVES

GAMES WORKSHOP®

Introduction

Welcome to the Uniforms & Heraldry of the High Elves. This book forms part of a continuing range, each detailing the heraldries, uniforms, iconographies and markings of one of the many fantastical armies fighting for survival in the Warhammer world. Whether your hobby revolves around collecting, painting or wargaming with Citadel miniatures (or all three) you'll find this volume an indispensable guide to the full splendour of the High Elf soldiery.

Ulthuan is a vast continent, home to many thousands of bloodlines and traditions. Indeed, even the smallest princedom is heir to customs, ritual and folklore enough to fill this book many times over. This volume is therefore not intended to be an all-encompassing guide, but rather a collection of the most important elements of High Elf heraldry. This leaves plenty of scope for you to create your own variations, should you wish to do so. Honour to the Phoenix King, and victory to his armies!

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The High Elves

The High Elves of Ulthuan are guardians of order. For millennia they have protected the world from the threat of Chaos, halting the tide of darkness with spear, with bow and through their command of magic. This has not been achieved without cost. The High Elves are dwindling, worn away by century upon century of unrelenting war, and their might is now but a fraction of what it once was. Of an ocean-spanning empire that covered the globe, all that now remains are the ten kingdoms of Ulthuan and a handful of scattered outposts overseas. Yet, despite the hardship and ruin inflicted upon its peoples, there is still glory and wonder enough in Ulthuan to outshine all the other kingdoms of the world combined.

To this day, the High Elves are constantly at war. The Dark Elves, their treacherous kin from the chill land of Naggaroth, raid Ulthuan on an almost daily basis. These despoilers hate their High Elf cousins to a degree incomprehensible to outsiders. The Naggarothi still consider the ten kingdoms of Ulthuan to be theirs by right, and probe ceaselessly for any weakness in its defences, spreading terror and destruction in their wake. Almost as bad are the rising realms of the lesser races. Those that do not appear to be deliberately wicked or destructive are, at the very least, ignorant of their rightful place in the world, and with a few thoughtless acts can undo the labours of a dozen generations of High Elves. Thus must the armies of Ulthuan march upon other lands, ensuring that the careful balance they have nurtured is not undone by the foolishness of primitives.

The ten kingdoms of Ulthuan are united under the rule of the Phoenix King and the Everqueen. The Phoenix King is elected by a council of his peers and given the blessing of Asuryan, the Creator, highest of the Elven gods. The position of Everqueen, however, is purely hereditary, forming a line of mothers and daughters unbroken since the earliest days of Elven civilisation. Beneath the twin thrones serve the countless princes of the ten kingdoms. In the fleeting moments of peace, these nobles set their minds to politicking, ever seeking the blessing of their monarchs and preferment over their fellows. Intrigue has ever been a cornerstone of Ulthuan, but it seldom interferes with the grim business of war. When battle's trumpet sounds, rivalries vanish like mist in the noonday sun – despite their domestic squabbles, the princes of Ulthuan will always stand united against outsiders.

When he marches to war, a High Elf prince can count upon aid from all corners of the ten kingdoms. First to answer the call are the archer and spear regiments of his own domain and the nobles of his court. Garbed in white – the Elven colour of death – and clad in shimmering silver scale, these warriors transcend the martial glory of mortals to become something otherworldly and supernatural. As word spreads and the true extent of the danger becomes known, phalanxes of Lothern Sea Guard answer the call with the uncomplaining determination of true veterans.

Hard upon their heels come swift horsemen from Ellyrion and charioteers from Tiranoc, considered brash by the standards of the High Elves, but with valourous hearts all.

Of Ulthuan's many legendary factions, the fabled Swordmasters of Hoeth are the swiftest to lend their support to a growing warhost. Dozens of Swordmasters travel Ulthuan, performing the bidding of their Loremasters. When the rallying cry goes out, all nearby Swordmasters able to put aside their current burdens will do so, forging themselves into a regiment for the campaign's duration. Should one of the Loremasters of Hoeth choose to lend his mystical might to the cause, the number of Swordmasters in the warhost can rise quite steeply, as such revered mages rarely appear on the field of battle without an escort of the quicksilver warriors. The regal bodyguards, the White Lions of Chrace, are loath to leave their assignments for ought but the direst of tragedies – duty to their charge comes before all. Thus, if an Elven lord seeks the presence of the White Lions upon the field, he is well advised to request the aid of the one they protect, to gain the service of their bodyguard. As for the Phoenix Guard, they take to the battlefield in Asuryan's name whenever they are called upon to do so. Alas, the Phoenix Guard are so few compared with other forces, that they can rarely be present in the numbers a prince might wish for.

Amongst the most prized of potential allies are the Dragon Princes of ancient Caledor, proud warriors every one. The Dragon Princes cannot be called upon for the mundane drudgeries of sentry and patrol work: such tasks are for the common folk, not the descendants of Caledor the Great. If the commander of an assembling host is wise, he will pique the Dragon Princes' interest with the promise of a battle worthy of gods, or perhaps confess that a particular foe is beyond his own humble talents. Lured by such glories, the sons of Caledor would gladly ride to a battle on the far side of the world. Last, and most secretive of all, are the bitter Shadow Warriors of Nagarythe. Marked forever by lives of constant, bitter struggle, they stand apart from High Elf society and never directly respond to a cry for aid. Nevertheless, many a battle has been swung by an unlooked-for volley of black-fletched arrows. Though they are shunned and distrusted by their own folk, the wardens of Nagarythe know full well where their loyalties lie.

Thus does a foe who petitions the wrath of the High Elves make war not against one land, but against ten kingdoms united under the Phoenix King. As the battlelines assemble, the banners of the High Elves flutter and snap in the wind, their rich folds heavy with gemstones and proudly blazoned with the colours of their homelands. Shields bear the heraldry of honoured bloodlines, of mighty gods and of Ulthuan's ancient protectors. There are few sights so glorious in all the known world.

KEY
City
Fortress
Shrine
Northwatch
THE ISLES
BLIGHTED ISLE
Shrine of Khaine
Plain of Bones
Rock of Galirian
Desolation of Tethlis
Anlec
Blighted Woods
Lion Fang Hills
Shrine of Kurnous
The Amaranth Isles
Lion March
CHRACE
Tor Dynal
Elisia
Isle of Endless Chill
Rokhame
THE SHIFTING ISLES
Whitecreach Bay
Sundered Strand
NAGARYTHE
Dead Kings Peak
Tor Achare
The Burned Glades
The Salvation Isles
Tor Draniil
Tor Gard
Elyran Taru
Sky Forge
COTHIQUE
The Seven Sisters
Mistnar
Shadow March
ANNULII MOUNTAINS
Phoenix Gate
Everale Ridge
Oakheart's Pyre
ANNULII MOUNTAINS
Chasm of Sorrows
Tor Koruali
Tor Andar
Dragon Gate
Unicorn Gate
Silverglen
Mirror Woods
Tor Saroir
Shrine of Remembrance
Stone of Ellyrion
Evershale
AVELORN
Shadow Peak
Elendro Mere
The Dead Shale
Tor Anroc (The Sunken City)
The High Vale
ELLYRION
Isha's Circle
Moonspire
Skyhaven Plateau
Griffon Gate
Reaver's Mark
River Vilh
Eversprings
Night Wood
Whitefire Tor
Elaranna Bay
Tor Finu
Shrine of Mathlann
Farwatch Keep
Eagle Gate
Tor Elyr
Finuval Plain
YVRESSE
Gacan Vale
SEA OF DUSK
Shrine of Hoeth
ANNULII MOUNTAINS
THE INNER SEA
Athel Tamarha
Fallow Marsh
TIRANOC
The Bleak Coast
Tor Yvraine
Isle of Aestuniae
Ruins of Sardenath
Isle of the Dead
The White Tower of Hoeth
Tralinia
Cold Drake Keep
Port Elistor
Cain Avon
Wailing Fen
The Wheeled March
Whitepeak
The Arcspan
SEA OF DREAMS
Shrouded Shore
Circle of Night
Towers of the Winds
SAPHERY
Drake Isles
Shrine of Asuryan
Elessaeli
Avethir
CALEDOR
Cairn Thel
Circle of Dawn
Tor Sethai
Angerrial
Darkstone Chasm
Stonesung Plateau
Tower of Lysean
Summersong
The Bay of Tears
Everwatch
Shrine of Addaioth
Shimmersung
EATAINE
The Dragon Spine
Lothern
Shimmersward
Glittering Tower
Caledor's Repose
Dragonette Cove
Straits of Lothern
Shrine of Lileath
Vaul's Anvil
The Shifting Shrine of Loec
THE OUTER KINGDOMS
TIRANOC
NAGARYTHE
CHRACE
COTHIQUE
YVRESSE
THE INNER KINGDOMS
EATAINE
CALEDOR
ELLYRION
AVELORN
SAPHERY

Elven Runes

The ancient runescript of the High Elves is the most refined form of writing in the world. For thousands of years the High Elves have developed their runes and signs so they could be used to store their accumulated knowledge and safeguard their songs and history for future generations.

High Elves frequently decorate their standards, weapons and armour with runes. The runes used in war often represent the pride and might of the High Elves, but also remind them of the noble principles of Elven warfare. Many High Elf standards are magical and their runes form a glowing, swirling pattern that creates otherworldly visions to embolden the High Elves and terrify their foes. Likewise, shields and even the robes of individual warriors or mages are frequently adorned with runes, either magical or mundane. For a High Elf there is great spiritual value in bearing a rune that proclaims loyalty, or threatens death to the enemies of Ulthuan.

Arhain
Shadows, night, stealth, secrets, perfidiousness.

Aroth
Fortress, courage, taciturnity.

Asur
The eternal flame, Mark of Asuryan, symbol of rebirth and lordship.

Avalu
Fires, fortitude, the Mark of Vaul.

Cadaith
Grace, power, music of the stars.

Caladai
Symbol of the line of kings, the Dragons of flame.

Ceyl
Law, order, justice, passion, sword that draws blood.

Charoi
Strength, ferocity, mane of hair.

Cynath
Chill, death, silence, loneliness.

Cython
The serpent, wisdom, knowledge, futility, Symbol of Lileath.

Danoi
Sleep, peace, lethargy.

Darlioth
Fearlessness, Symbol of the Mirai, corrupt harvest.

Daroir
Remembrance, memory, the strength of stones.

Dassoir
Scrying, sight, forbidden knowledge.

Denla
Freedom, fulfilment, emptiness.

Drathro
Sinister, black-hearted, unwoken heroism.

Drome
The Underworld Stair, descent, inevitability.

Dromui
Hope, ascent, the Heavenward Stairs.

Eanith
Honour, burden, contest of wills.

Eddu
Pain, longing, determination.

Edra
Laughter, the cruelty of fate.

Eldoir
Flight, true aim, skyward sight.

Elrith
The forge, spark of the anvil, boldness.

Elthrai
Doom, inexorable fate, hope.

Elui
Ending or denial.

Endri
Ennui, endlessness, steadfast loyalty.

Enthlai
Concordance, twins, war without end.

Estroi
The Trident, war at sea, defence against invasion.

Galri
Destiny entwined, sorrow, joy.

Garoir
Darkness, gloom, strength of ancient days.

Hadri
Ships, exploration, the endless voyage.

Hanor
The Season of Rain, boldness, ingress.

Harathoi
Youth, boundless energy, jealousy.

Harvoi
Music, song, eternity of joy.

Histo
Plenty, dominance, the Golden Age.

Horinar
Trade, treaty, corruption.

Ildir
The Chained Dragon, duty, obedience.

Ildra
Expediency, the balance restored.

Ildri
Poison, terror, the wound that heeds no healing.

Indrast
The heavens awoken, fate fulfilled.

Indrion
The heavens, portent, doom of mortals.

Isalt
Watchfulness, Mark of Ladrielle, the guard's duty.

Ismuir
Mists, cloud, the secret paths.

Issth
The Serpent of Light, dextrousness, trickery.

Istryn
Symbol of the Arcspan, alliance, common cause.

Keldri
Anguish, murder, victory, the Last Path.

Kenui
War without end, a lingering death.

Kindra
Final victory, the death of all hope.

Kirior
The path of leadership, formless art, knowledge of ancient days.

Kurn-ath
Bow of Kurnous, the hunt.

Lacoi
Might, glory, fear of death.

Ladroi
The Season of Sun, apex, joy.

Lalinoi
Herald, splendour, hubris.

Larime
The Season of Frost, caution, egress.

Lathain
Storm, wrath, gently falling rain that brings eternal sleep.

Lavrai
Torrent, endless flight, death at sea.

Lecai
Light, nobility of the soul, lightness of being.

Lithri
Vision, far-sightedness, the palace of the gods.

Malavoi
Savagery, creatures of the deep.

Menlui
Water, life, torrential rain and thunder in the distant mountains.

Minaith
Skill at arms, spirituality, the Lost Way.

Nadrur
The Season of Storm, dwindling, sorrow.

Nastirr
Path of the Soul, oblivion, remembrance.

Odri
Deception, Inner Truth, The Road Not Taken.

Oriour
Blood, birth.

Quul
The Tree of Life, regrowth, decay.

Quyl-Isha
The tears of Isha, sorrow, mercy, endurance, mourning for lost children.

Qyl-Aman
Symbol of Amanar, drake of the deeps.

Sarathai
The rune of the World Dragon, symbolising defiance, unyielding.

Sariour
The moon, magic, fortune, evil deeds, destruction wrought by nature.

Saroir
Eternity, infinity, the flame of love that burns all it touches.

Sarumar
Temptation, fulfilment, discipline, the Watcher in the Dark.

Sendai
Dedication, sacrifice, resentment.

Senlui
Swiftness, accuracy.

Senthoi
Unity, loyalty, broken promise.

Sethai
Flight, wind, cry in the far mountains.

Sevir
Wind, storm, the anger of the world.

Skale
Guardian Dragon, strength and honour.

Tavlu
The tower, Mark of Hoeth, wisdom, misery.

Thalui
Hatred or vengeance.

Thanan
Hidden power, inner strength, indecisiveness.

Thanlui
Injustice, necessity, the unbalanced scale.

Tiroir
The broken tower, the world reborn.

Tyloir
Broken lands, the Sundering, the cycle of history.

Urithair
Destruction, conquest, sacrifice of innocence.

Varinor
Strength, fire, the Pride of Caledor.

Varour
Aggression, lightning, downfall.

Verdan
Woodland, continuity, defence.

Volroth
Supremacy, royalty, heroic death.

Yenlui
Balance, harmony, Chaos.

Yennla
The Seed, promise of Isha.

Ylvan
Pride, honour, imperfection.

Ylvoir
Throne of Kings, guardianship, servitude.

Yngra
Rescue, imprisonment.

Ytha
Waves, swiftness, the hungry ocean.

Eataine

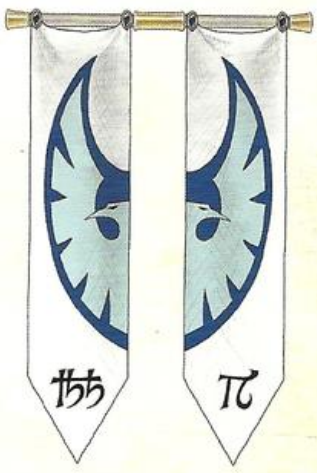
Eataine is the mightiest of the kingdoms of Ulthuan, centred around the Emerald Gate and the city of Lothern. Even in the waning days of the Elves, Eataine is a land rich beyond even Dwarfen avarice. Its merchants and emissaries visit many foreign shores, and its fleets of swift-prowed warships dominate the great oceans of the world. There is a great pride in these lands, even by the standards of the High Elves. Many of Eataine's nobles believe it to be Asuryan's chosen land, the blessed realm of the Creator. They point as proof to the Frostheart Phoenixes that nest about their coastline's clifftops and, more significantly, that Eataine has suffered considerably less than other kingdoms during the six millennia of near-constant war. Thus do all princes of Eataine consider themselves touched by the divine, in one way or another – a state of affairs only exacerbated by the fact that the Phoenix King's court is based in Eataine's capital, Lothern.

Some of Eataine's veteran spear regiments bear the image of a Frostheart Phoenix upon their shields.

The Silver Helms of Eataine bear lances carved from the trees of the Eternal Grove. That forest has endured since the time of Aenarion, and the weapons carved from its trees will never break in battle. The colours of Eataine's noble houses are reds, oranges and crimson – the hues of Asuryan's Phoenixes.

▲ *High Helm*

Phoenixes – the chosen messengers of Asuryan – are popular symbols in Eataine. They are often depicted as rising from the waves, for many of Eataine's folk believe it was only through the Creator God's intervention that Ulthuan was rescued from the ocean's chill embrace.



Lothern

Lothern has long been the traditional seat of the Phoenix King – Caledor the Conqueror kept court here, and few of his successors chose to break with that tradition. The Lothern Sea Guard are the finest of Eataine's warriors. Skilled in both spear and bow, these veteran soldiers fight the Phoenix King's battles both on land and at sea. Should the armies of Ulthuan make war in a distant land, it is invariably the ships of Lothern that bear them hence, and the disciplined advance of the Lothern Sea Guard that will seize the beachheads.

The banners and shields of Lothern bear the image of the Sea Dragon, Amanar, ancient protector of Lothern. Legend tells that Amanar sleeps fitfully beneath the Emerald Gate, and that he will rise up to defend Lothern in its hour of greatest need.

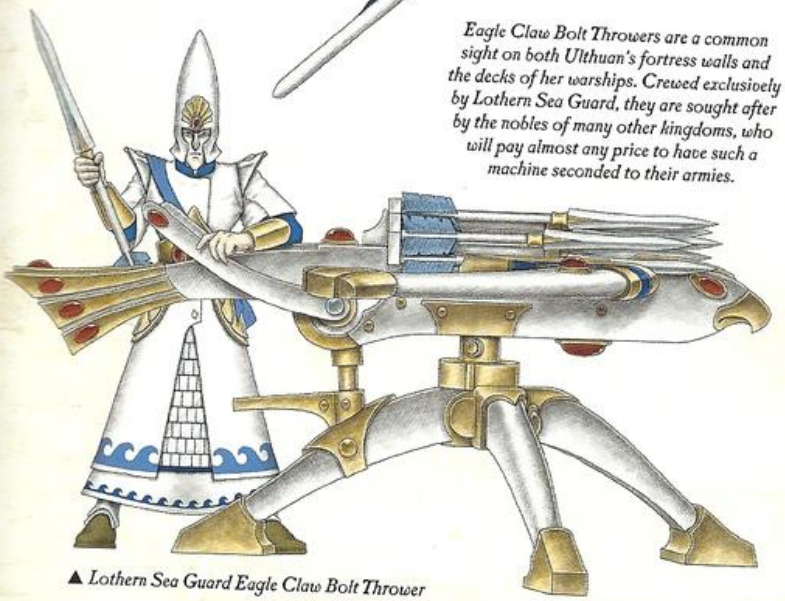
The Sea Lords of Lothern have borne the same heraldry for over four thousand years.

▲ *Lothern Sea Master*

Lothern Skycutters wheel through the heavens as swiftly as Tiranoc's more traditional chariots sweep across the plains. It is commonplace for nobles to race one another into a battle, a contest of wing and hoof, with the right to spill the first foeblood the only prize.

▲ *Lothern Sea Helm in Skycutter Chariot*

Eagle Claw Bolt Throwers are a common sight on both Ulthuan's fortress walls and the decks of her warships. Crewed exclusively by Lothern Sea Guard, they are sought after by the nobles of many other kingdoms, who will pay almost any price to have such a machine seconded to their armies.



▲ *Lothern Sea Guard Eagle Claw Bolt Thrower*

The sails and wings of Lothern Skycutters are often decorated with flowing wave patterns. The precise shape of the pattern identifies to which of Lothern's many nobles the Skycutter's crew owe allegiance.

Lothern is home to the Temple of the Phoenix Kings – the only site beyond the Isle of Flame which is protected by Phoenix Guards.

The White Lions who form the Phoenix King's bodyguard do not wear the traditional colours of their homeland, but rather the colours of the current Phoenix King – in this case, the naval blues of Finubar the Seafarer.

The Storm Riders

The Storm Riders are a Sea Guard company whose reputation for ruthless boarding actions is legendary amongst the Black Ark Corsairs of Naggaroth. Witnesses claim that the Storm Riders strike with the savagery of the great Merwyrm, Amanar, whose majestic image adorns their shields. So terrible was the damage they wreaked upon the fleet of Yalthis Doomreaver that the Naggarothi commander has since offered a thousand slaves for their deaths.

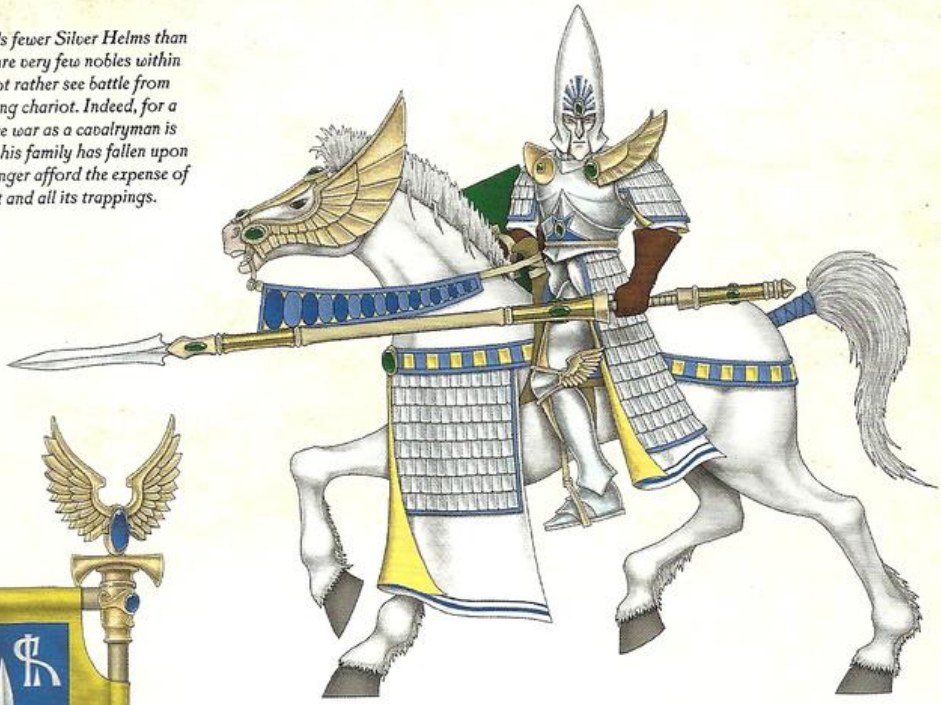
Tiranoc

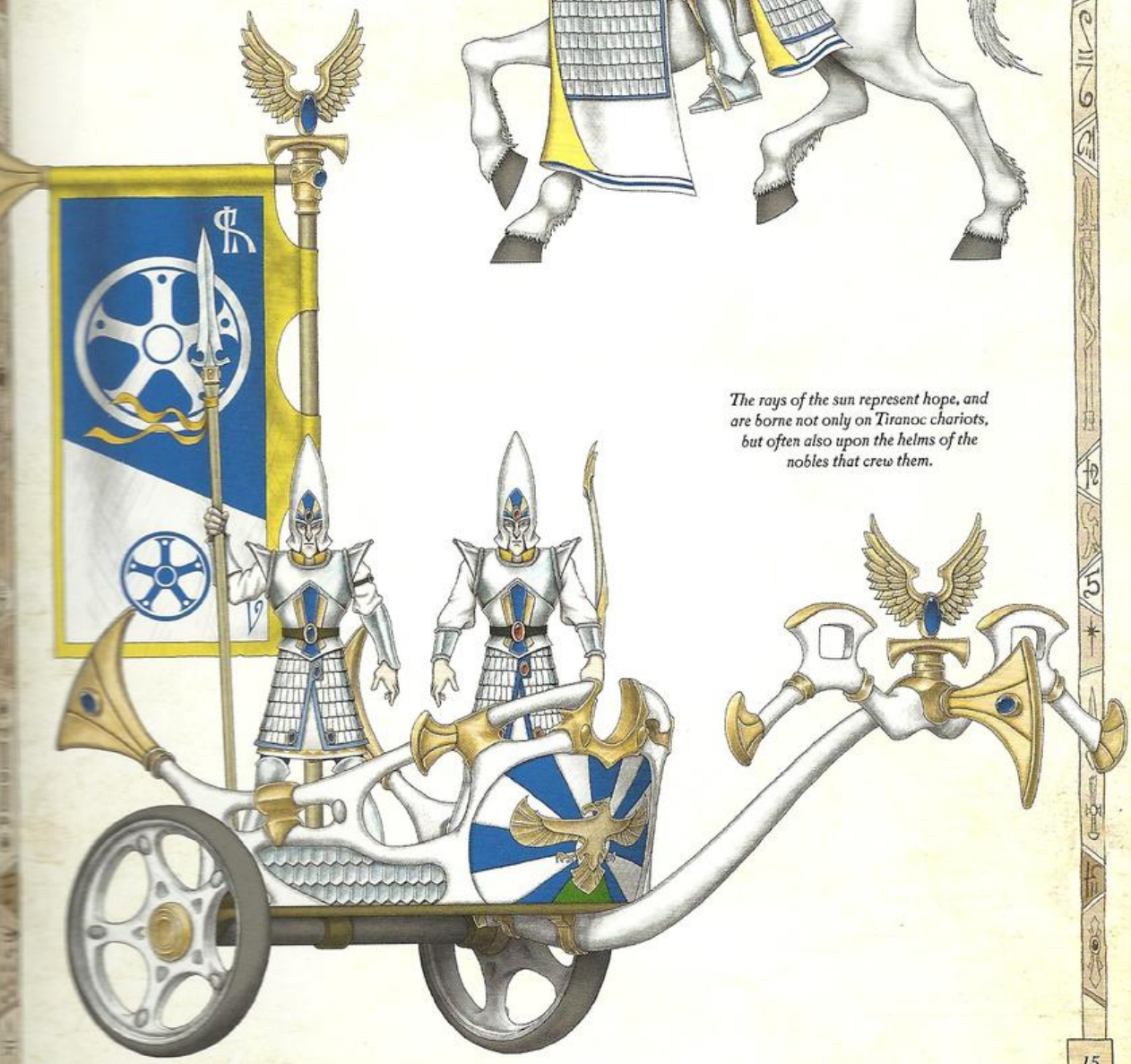
In days of yore, Tiranoc was the wealthiest and grandest of all the Elven kingdoms. Alas, during the Sundering, the realm suffered greatly. Tidal waves drowned its fair meadows and prosperous valleys, and only those folk who clung to the rocks of its mountain-fortresses survived. Though the waters eventually receded, Tiranoc was left forever changed – its beautiful coastal cities had been swept away, and a goodly portion of its citizens drowned in the deeps. Yet the proud Elves of Tiranoc refused to abandon their ancestral lands, and instead laboured to restore as much of its former glory as they could. Despite their efforts, Tiranoc remains a battered and broken land, ever in danger of slipping further into the unforgiving seas.

The wings of the sea hawk are common emblems in Tiranoc, for the nobles ever aspire to imitate the creature's merciless grace.

▲ *Prince of Tiranoc*

Tiranoc traditionally fields fewer Silver Helms than other kingdoms – there are very few nobles within that land who would not rather see battle from the deck of a swift-moving chariot. Indeed, for a noble of Tiranoc to make war as a cavalryman is often taken as proof that his family has fallen upon hard times, and can no longer afford the expense of maintaining a chariot and all its trappings.





The rays of the sun represent hope, and are borne not only on Tiranoc chariots, but often also upon the helms of the nobles that crew them.

▲ *Hawkeye*

The five-spoked wheel of fate is a common feature on the heraldry of Tiranoc. It evokes not only the realm's swift chariots, but also its people's belief that one day the injustices and ruin heaped upon their fair land will be avenged. White falcons are also common symbols, and signify freedom.

Many of Tiranoc's warriors have seen service on the Eagle Gate; this warrior bears its symbol upon the point of his shield.

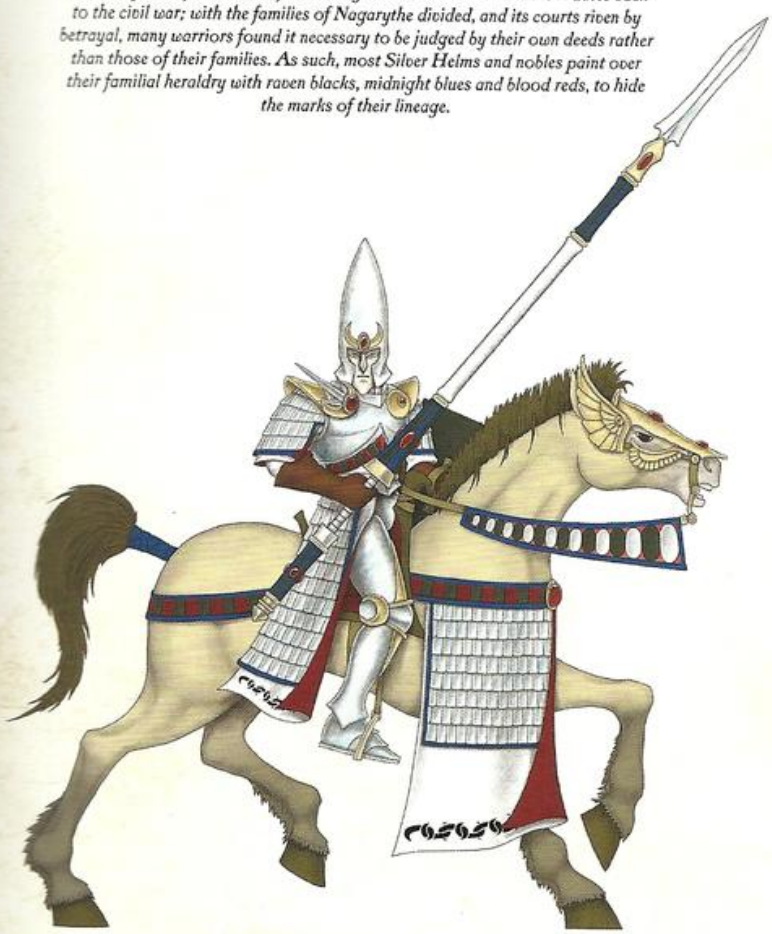
Nagarythe

Nagarythe is a hard land of intemperate climes and dark deeds. It was from here that Malekith the Accursed led his civil war, and this land too bore the brunt of that conflict. Nagarythe was all but destroyed in the Sundering, and by far the greater part of its lands lie drowned in the murky oceanic depths. Those of its folk that remain are a secretive and ruthless sort, little trusted elsewhere in Ulthuan for their kinship with the traitors of ages past. Ironically, these same blood-ties drive the dour warriors of Nagarythe to fight with a merciless determination. There is not a High Elf living that does not despise Malekith and his Dark Elves, but the folk of Nagarythe hate the Naggarothi with a ferocity that far surpasses the most fervent warriors of other lands. There can be no peace in Nagarythe, no cessation of bloody war, until Malekith and every one of his twisted followers have been scoured from all the lands of the world.

▲ *Shadow-walker*

Shadow Warriors keep the meaning of their personal heraldry and lineage as closely guarded secrets, known only to the closest of their allies. Many bear crescent pendants of the goddess Lileath – the only being in creation who can forgive them for their ruthless actions.

It has long been a tradition for the Silver Helms of Nagarythe to adopt warrior names in place of those born from lineage and tradition. This custom dates back to the civil war; with the families of Nagarythe divided, and its courts riven by betrayal, many warriors found it necessary to be judged by their own deeds rather than those of their families. As such, most Silver Helms and nobles paint over their familial heraldry with raven blacks, midnight blues and blood reds, to hide the marks of their lineage.



Only on the inland borders of Nagarythe are there permanent settlements of any size, and it is from these that the realm's few archer and spear regiments are recruited. Their grim banners stand is stark contrast to the glorious heraldry of other kingdoms. The ravens of Morai-Heg are common symbols – the Elves of Nagarythe pray to the Crone Goddess for her aid in their eternal quest for vengeance.

The Grey

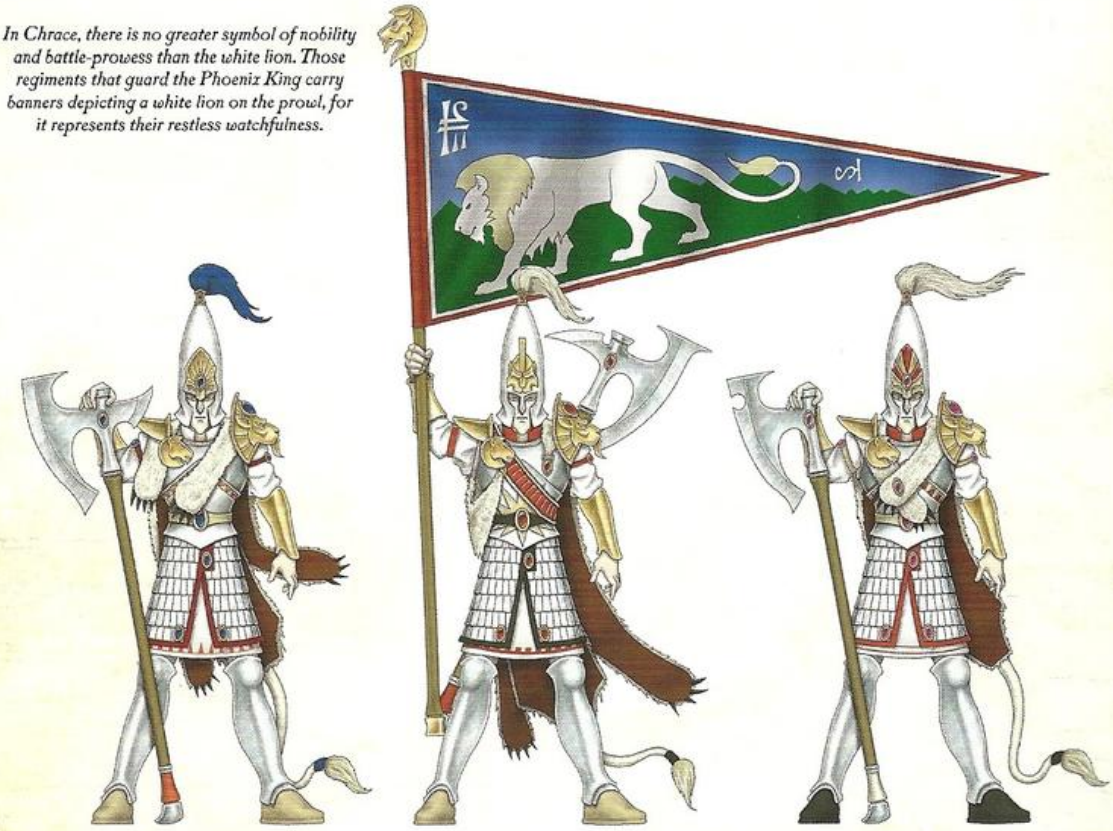
The band of Shadow Warriors known only as The Grey take their name from the ashen cloaks that conceal them. Descended from those who swore fealty to Malekith before his treachery was revealed, The Grey have slain Dark Elves beyond counting in a blood feud spanning five millennia. Since the Sundering, they have battled ceaselessly to redeem the honour of their family names, the burden of shame and obligation passing from father to son.

Chrace

Chrace is a wild land of dark forests and rugged mountains. All of its folk are skilled hunters, for an Elf possessed of sparse woodcraft is naught but easy prey for the ferocious lions and the other savage beasts of the Chracian lands. Most famous of all Chrace's warriors are the White Lions – veteran woodsmen of Chrace who serve as the Phoenix King's bodyguard. It is the dream of all young Chracian warriors to one day earn the right to wear the lion pelt and serve at their monarch's side, a calling that drives them to prove their valour whenever possible. Opportunities for such glory are commonplace, for Chrace is a land almost permanently at war – if not against Dark Elves seeking passage to Ulthuan's Inner Kingdoms, then against the beasts that dwell within its borders. Whenever the Winds of Magic rise and the creatures of Chaos stir from their slumbers, only the bravest of warriors dare enter the dark heart of the Chracian hinterland.

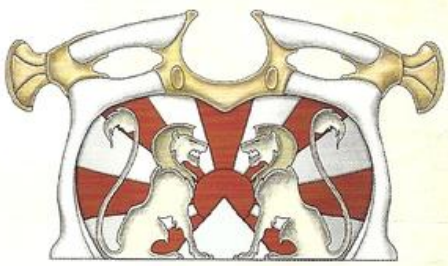
▲ *Guardian*

In Chrace, there is no greater symbol of nobility and battle-prowess than the white lion. Those regiments that guard the Phoenix King carry banners depicting a white lion on the prowl, for it represents their restless watchfulness.



White Lion charioteers are the most aggressive of their kind. Little content to await the unfurlment of a threat, they seek out and destroy the Phoenix King's enemies with the tenacity of their namesake. Their banners bear the image of the lion, for it also is ever-ready to fight the foe.

All White Lion chariots bear the mark of Rahagra, Father of the White Lions, somewhere on their construction. A chariot that loses this mark, or has it defaced in battle, is thereafter considered an unlucky mount, fit only for firewood.



Red is the dominant colour of Chracian heraldry, signifying the blood its people spill, not only in the defence of their own land, but for all Ulthuan.

▲ *Noble of Chrace with War Lion*

The citizens of Chrace are superb archers – few Chracians survive to adulthood without the ability to fell a ravening beast from a safe distance.

The ribbons borne aloft by Chracian spearmen are earned by deeds of valour – warriors who slay a mighty opponent single-handed bear the white, whilst those who have selflessly gone to a comrade's aid – and suffered wounds in the course of their deeds – bear the red.

▲ *Sentinel*

Cothique

The realm of Cothique is a harsh place, unlovely to the eyes of most Elves. Its towering cliffs and shale beaches are windswept and grey, its surrounding seas home to megalodons, sea serpents and other fierce predators of the ocean trenches. Even to the Elves of Cothique, these shores hold little comfort, for their wanderlust is the greatest known to any of Ulthuan's peoples. Never is an Elf of Cothique happier than when aboard the rolling deck of a ship, the tang of salt air about his nostrils, and the cold sea breeze whirling through his hair. So it is that the ships of Cothique come to many other lands, sometimes in search of trade and comradeship, but just as often in the full raiment of war. Cothiquan warriors are wild by the staid standards of other High Elves, and much prefer the thrill of raiding to the more conventional battles prosecuted by other realms – a predilection that has seen them branded as pirates in some foreign lands.

It is of constant surprise to other Elves that the nobles of Cothique would even consider taking their horses to serve in shipboard conflict. Yet such are the deft reactions of a Cothiquan Silver Helm, and the peerless training received by his steed, that Elf and beast can do battle on the rolling deck of a ship just as gracefully as other Elven knights do on dry (and motionless) land.

The sea calls to all citizens of Cothique – not just those who live upon its jagged coastline. Thus do all the kingdom's warriors bear the ocean's colours and its denizens as their heraldry.

▲ *Sentinel*

The Elves of Cothique are more superstitious than other Elves, and many of them observe the worship of Mathlann, God of Storms, and his children of the deep. It is also common for Cothiquan heroes to bear the images of Mathlann's monstrous offspring upon their shields.

The Scions of Mathlann

This brotherhood of Cothique claim to be the chosen of the Lord of the Deeps, and few dispute their right to do so. Many times when the Scions of Mathlann have fought in defence of their coastal kingdom, a vast sea creature has risen from the depths to destroy the fleet of their foes. So do they offer great praise to Mathlann lest they fall from their fickle master's favour and one of his progeny emerge not to deliver salvation, but divine punishment.

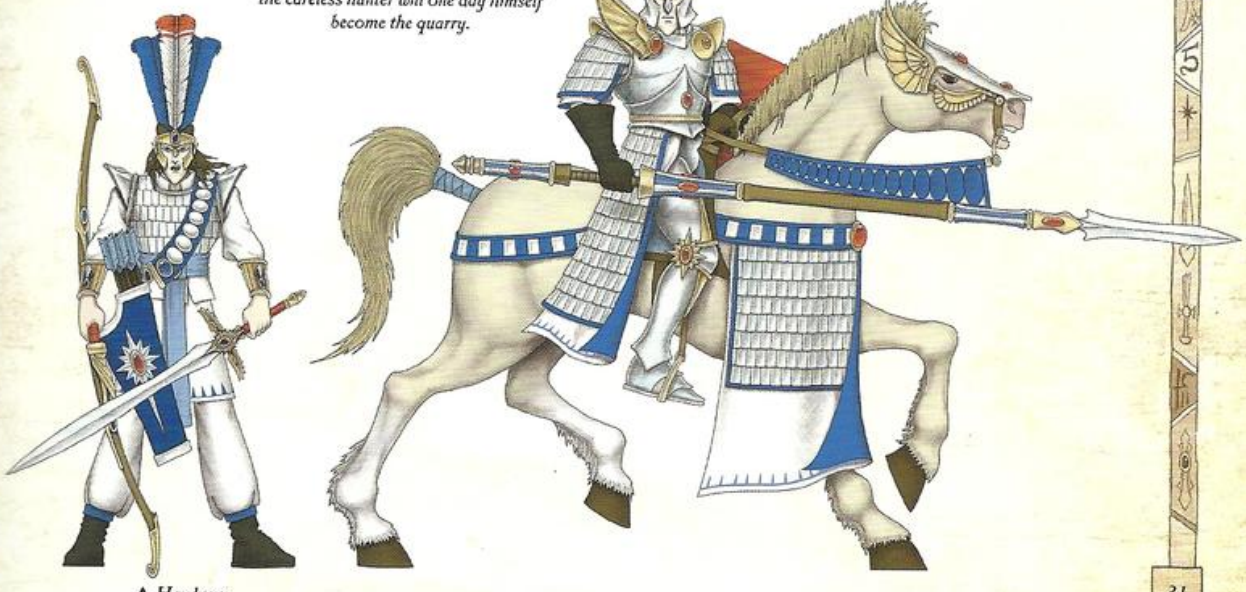
Yvresse

Yvresse is the land of mists, a shrouded expanse of rolling hills and hidden valleys. It is a sparsely settled realm, with a comparative handful of towns, and only one major city – the glorious spires of Tor Yvresse. Though Dark Elf raiders seldom travel so far around Ulthuan to beach their dread vessels upon Yvresse's shores, the warriors of the realm must always be on guard. The sorcerous mists that blanket field and fen have ever been the haunt of Daemons, and both arrow and spear must be eternally ready to cast them back into the void. The soldiery of Yvresse is therefore of a grimmer cast of mind than warriors from other lands, for their eyes have borne witness to much that mortal creatures were never meant to see. Thus have the warriors of Yvresse gained a reputation for holding the line where others do not, a glimmer of deeper resolve forged in battle against the most unearthly of foes.

▲ *Noble of Yvresse*

The archers of Yvresse take to the battlefield clad in glimmering scalemail. They wear wayshards – gems attuned to the locations of waystones – so that they can find their way through Yvresse's billowing mists. The colour of each wayshard varies according to the traditions of the region from which the archer hails.

Hawks and other birds of prey are important symbols to the Elves of Yoresse: to them, they are reminders that the careless hunter will one day himself become the quarry.



▲ *Hawkeye*

▲ *Archmage of Yoresse*

Many banners and shields bear the mists of Yoresse in conjunction with other symbols. These proclaim that the members of the regiment have served as Mistwalkers – warriors who stand sentinel against the Daemons within the cloud.

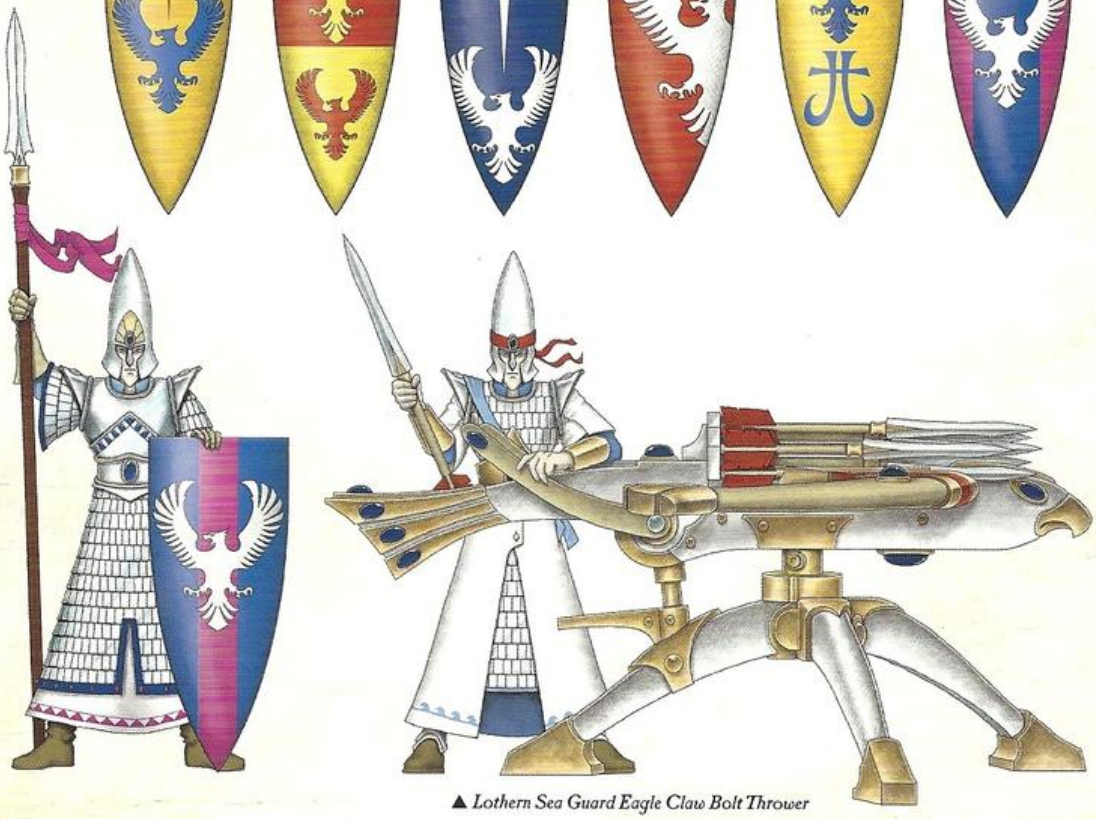
The Spire Guard of Tor Yoresse

Originally formed as an honour guard by the Warden of Tor Yoresse to protect his tower, the tallest spire in the kingdom's majestic capital, the Spire Guard have since become the city's foremost defenders – the anchor around which the army of Tor Yoresse now forms. Time and time again, the Spire Guard have turned the tide of battle by stubbornly holding the line, pouring arrows into their foes to buy time for their kin to regroup and counter-attack.

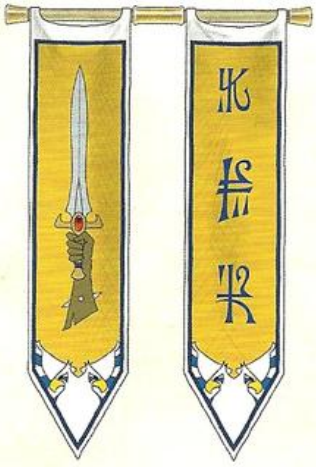
Eagle Gate

The Eagle Gate is one of five great fortresses that bar the mountain passes between the Shadowlands of Nagarythe and the Inner Kingdoms. It was built during the reign of Caledor the Conqueror, who was determined that the Dark Elves would never again find Ulthuan so unprepared and vulnerable as they had in the first days of his rule. As with the other fortresses, the garrison of the Eagle Gate is a permanent body of standing troops, drawn from the finest warriors across Ulthuan. To perform such service is one of the highest honours to which an Elf can aspire, and should a soldier survive his duty, he will thereafter be treated with respect by commoner and noble alike. Alas, surviving such an assignment is a luxury given to only a few. Between the Dark Elves of Naggaroth and the monsters of the Annulii, a soldier will have to best many foes if he is to return home.

▲ *Tiranoc Mage serving at the Eagle Gate*



▲ *Lothern Sea Guard Eagle Claw Bolt Thrower*



The regiments stationed at the gates retain the colours of their homeland – the magenta of Ellyrion, or the golden yellows of Tiranoc, and so on. However, they all bear the symbols of their fortresses alongside those of their regiment (or their family, in the case of Elves of noble birth). All soldiers who have served upon one of the gates are entitled to bear its symbols in perpetuity, and many continue to do so even after they have set aside their warrior's tools.

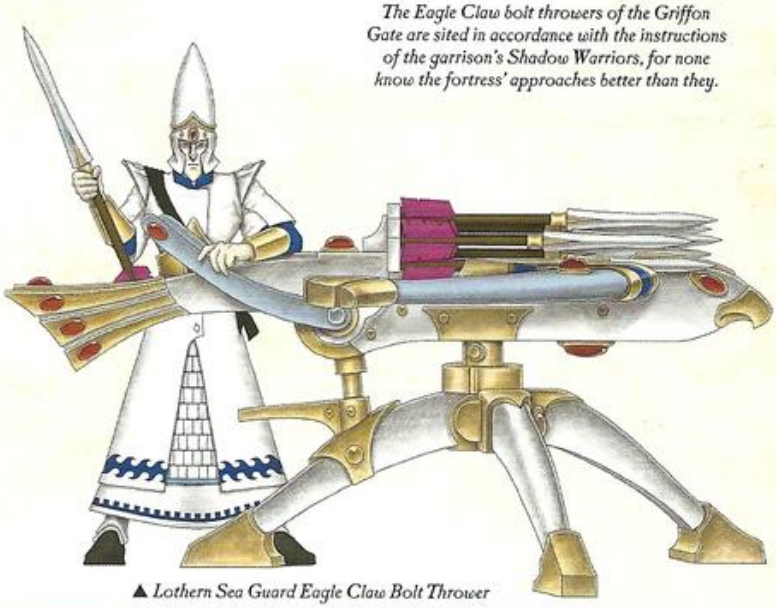
Griffon Gate

The Griffon Gate is the oldest of Ulthuan's great mountain fortresses. It is also held to be unlucky by those who serve within it, for it always seems that foes besiege the Griffon Gate long before they consider carrying their blades against its sister fortresses. Yet the Griffon Gate's defenders forgive their fortress its odd fortunes, for there is still honour to be earned upon its walls. Furthermore, there are few more glorious sights than when the first rays of sun strike the colossal golden statues that stand watch over the gate. To be present upon the walls of the Griffon Gate at sunrise, it is said, is to be reminded of the Golden Age of the Elves, and to know one's hope reborn. Perhaps this is why, despite many hundreds of sieges over thousands of years, the Griffon Gate has never once fallen to its attackers. No matter how overmatched its defenders, the golden fortress of the western mountains has always held true.

The Griffon Gate is the only fortress to include Shadow Warriors as part of its garrison. No one knows why this is so, for the Shadow Warriors remain silent if asked.

Soldiers of the Griffon Gate pride themselves on being as unblinkingly watchful as the creature from which their fortress takes its name. The Griffon itself can be found on all their banners and shields.

The Eagle Claw bolt throwers of the Griffon Gate are sited in accordance with the instructions of the garrison's Shadow Warriors, for none know the fortress' approaches better than they.

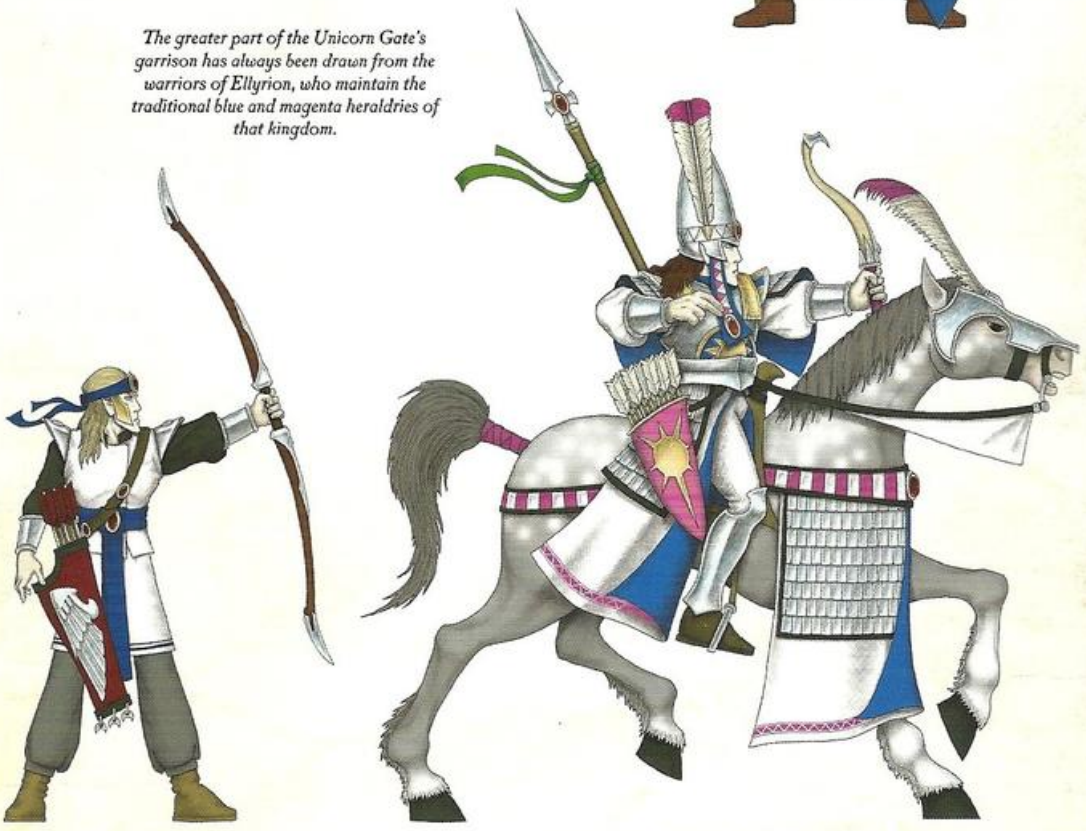


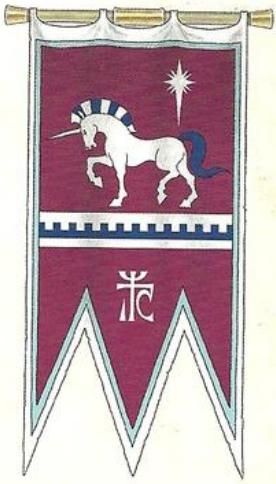
▲ *Lothern Sea Guard Eagle Claw Bolt Thrower*

Unicorn Gate

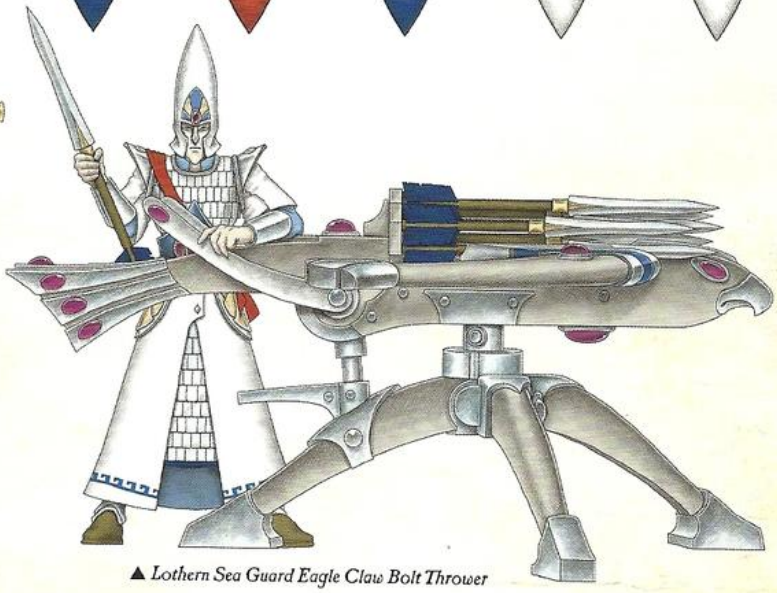
The Unicorn Gate guards the longest and most treacherous of the mountain passes. As a result, it has seen less conflict than its sister fortresses – even the most determined of Dark Elf attackers see little purpose in breaching the Unicorn Gate simply to fight their way through the Harpy- and Cockatrice-haunted ravines that lie beyond. For all this, the garrison of the Unicorn Gate are no less tested than those of other strongholds, for they are under constant attack by the denizens of the very pass they guard. Thus have their archers earned a reputation for quick eyes and quicker wits. After all, walls are of little defence against winged adversaries and, once a Harpy is within a spear's length, the battle's outcome is already in doubt. It is for this reason that the Unicorn Gate underwent substantial modification during the reign of Bel-Korhadris, adding several dozen outrigger towers from which keen-eyed archers could scour the walls in the event of a Harpy attack.

The greater part of the Unicorn Gate's garrison has always been drawn from the warriors of Ellyrion, who maintain the traditional blue and magenta heraldries of that kingdom.





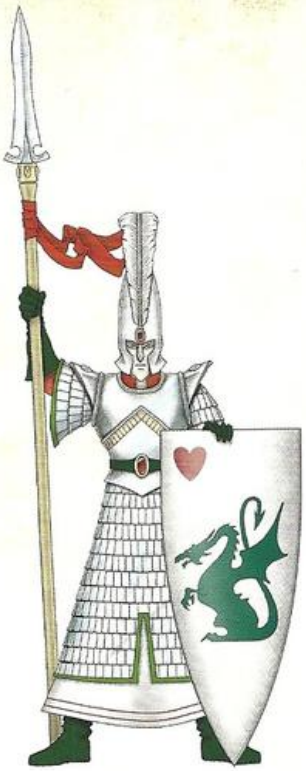
The position of the Unicorn upon the shield indicates to which of the seven great bastions of the fortress the soldier is assigned.



▲ *Lothern Sea Guard Eagle Claw Bolt Thrower*

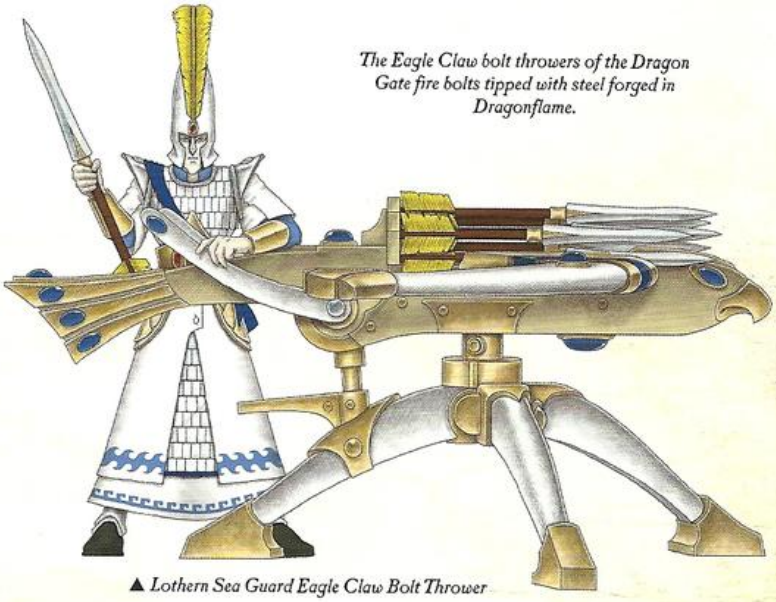
Dragon Gate

The Dragon Gate is the largest and grandest of all Ulthuan's fortresses. When Caledor the Conqueror laid down the foundations for the great gates, he knew he would been unable to spend much time at court in Lothern, so enshrined the Dragon Gate as his war capital. He ordered a great palace be built into the heart of the fortress, and that provision be set aside for Ulthuan's highest families to take up residence there in times of strife. The Dragon Gate's garrison too was established on a suitably grand scale, with near twice as many soldiers under arms as any two of the other great gates combined. Such an obvious display of martial pride soon proved a irresistible lure to the Dark Elves, and within a decade of the Dragon Gate's completion, no fewer than six of Malekith's armies broke themselves upon its walls. Now, like much of Ulthuan, the Dragon Gate is only sparsely occupied, but its grim reputation is said to be worth ten thousand spears.



Even though Caledor the Conqueror's bloodline died out long ago, Caledorian nobles recognise no greater honour than to serve upon the Dragon Gate's walls.

The Eagle Claw bolt throwers of the Dragon Gate fire bolts tipped with steel forged in Dragonflame.



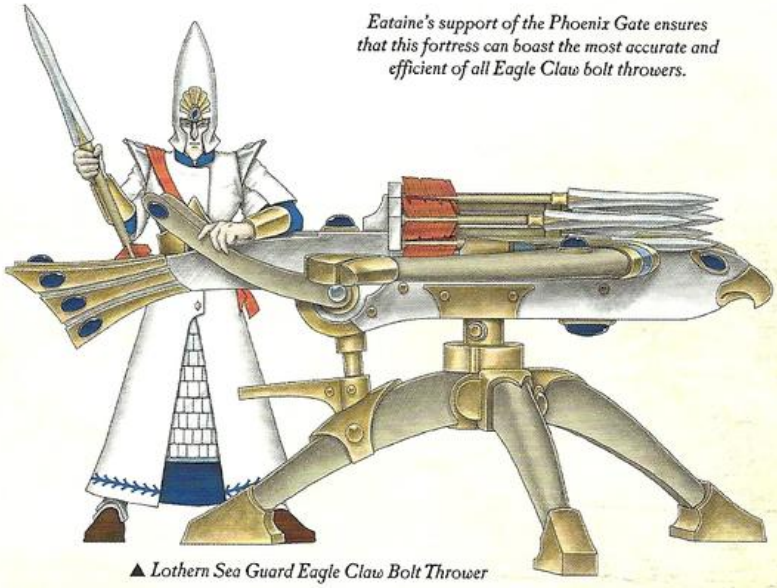
▲ *Lothern Sea Guard Eagle Claw Bolt Thrower*

Phoenix Gate

The Phoenix Gate was well named, for over the course of its existence it has been reduced to rubble and rebuilt on several occasions. Yet its garrison are little worried by this seemingly grim record. A great many of the Phoenix Gate's soldiers are drawn from the Kingdom of Eataine, and they simply assume such woes to be part of Asuryan's ineffable plan. 'Should the enemy topple our walls,' they say, 'then we shall simply build them higher and grander than before.' And so they have, many times. Indeed, the towers of the Phoenix Gate now stand so tall that their spires are lost within the clouds that hang heavy about the Annulii Mountains. This stubborn pride in the face of disaster has become famous throughout Ulthuan – despite this, few warriors from other realms seek out service upon the Phoenix Gate. It takes a very deliberate kind of madness to seek guardianship over a fortress whose walls seem almost predestined to fall.

▲ *Eataine Noble serving on the Phoenix Gate*

The archers of the Phoenix Gate traditionally hail from Caledor and Avelorn, and wear the greens and reds of those realms. They fire arrows blessed by the Anointed of Asuryan, that they might better strike down those who would oppose the Creator's plan.

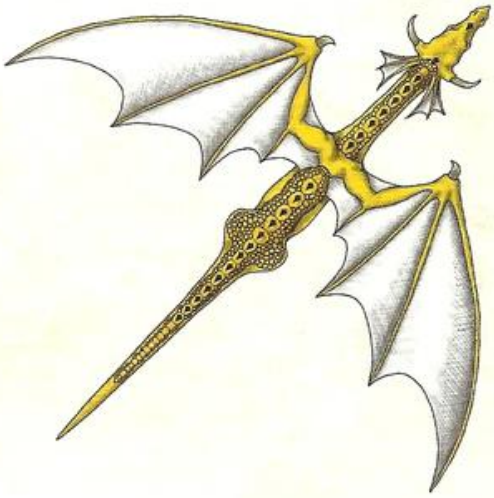


Eataine's support of the Phoenix Gate ensures that this fortress can boast the most accurate and efficient of all Eagle Claw bolt throwers.

▲ *Lothern Sea Guard Eagle Claw Bolt Thrower*

Dragons of Caledor

Dragons and Elves have been allies for time immemorial. Indeed, many legends tell that Draugnir, Father of Dragons, was a great friend to Asuryan's court – at least until the jealousy of the savage huntress Anatha Raema ended his noble life. Even in the days of their waning, the Dragons of Caledor remain true to their ancient allies, and fight alongside them with willing hearts.



As a Dragon ages, the vibrancy of its scales slowly fades; brilliant reds become rich crimsons, lustrous golds are transformed into bold ochres and celestial azures darken to midnight blues.

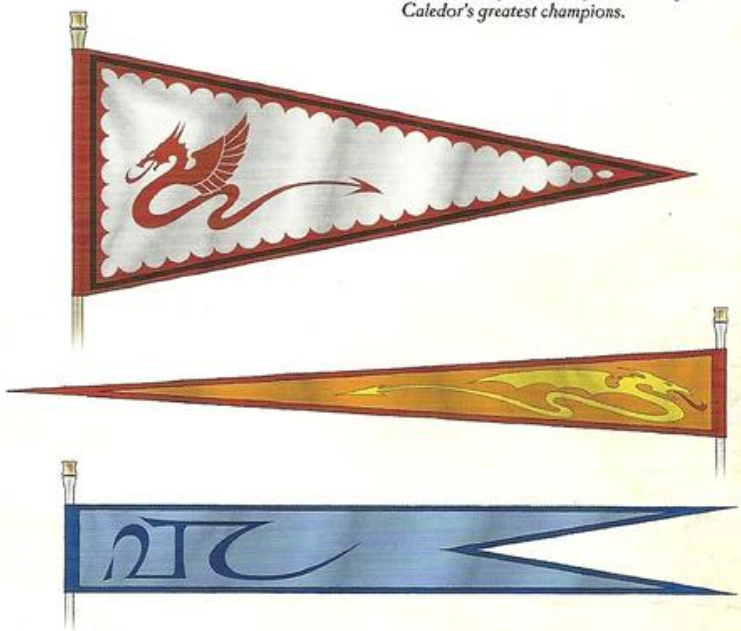
Caledor

Caledor is the land of Dragons and smouldering pride. It has ever served as the backbone of Ulthuan's armies – a fact that the haughty nobles of the mountains cannot forbear from mentioning whenever an opportunity presents itself. Though Caledor is now but a shadow of its former glory, it remains a land of fierce warriors and martial splendour, and can always be counted upon to bear more than its share of the burden of war. Indeed, the princes of Caledor rest uneasily in those rare moments when Ulthuan is at peace, and while away such days almost as lethargically as do their Dragon steeds. When war comes to Ulthuan once more, and the Great Horn of Caledor bellows through the mountains, torpidity falls from the princes of Caledor like a veil. Dragons are roused, horses saddled and the weapons of ages past retrieved from ancestral vaults. Woe betide he who encounters an army of Caledor on the march, for it will surely be the last battle he ever fights.

Dragon Princes of Caledor wear armour whose colour and style evokes the great Dragons of their land. Their horses are bedecked in plate and scale to mimic the appearances of the mighty drakes.

▲ *Drakemaster*

Greens, blues and reds are all commonplace heraldic colours of the Dragon Princes. However, golden Dragons are amongst the rarest of their kind, and those nobles who bear golden livery rank amongst Caledor's greatest champions.

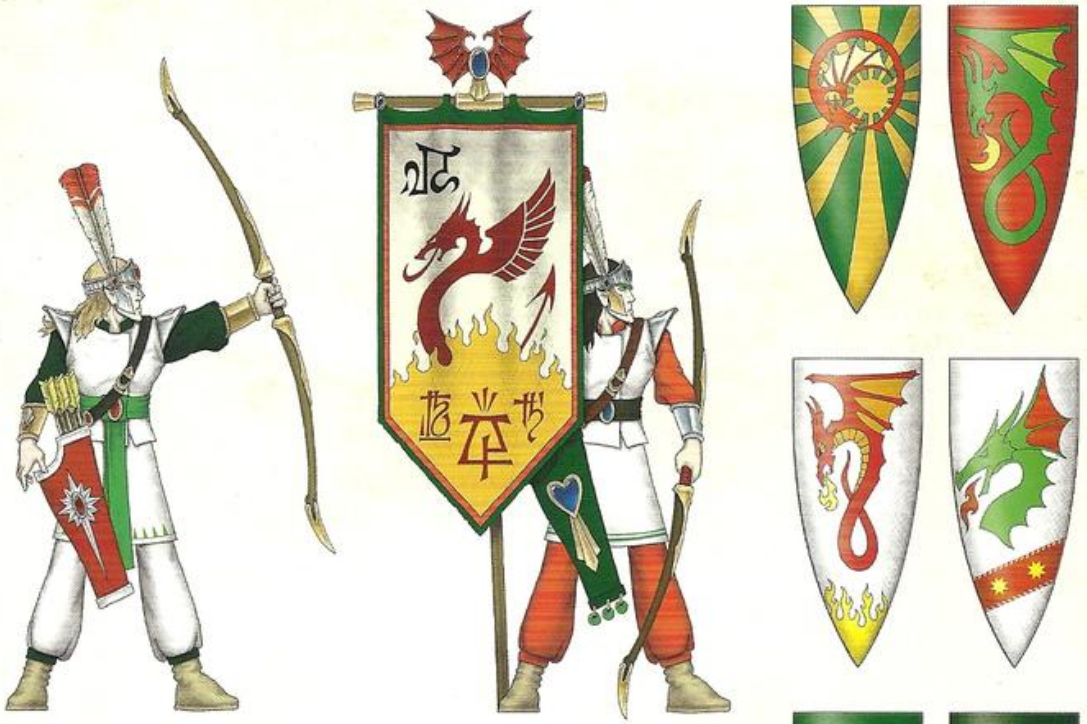


Just as the Dragon Princes bear the colours of the Dragons, the soldiers of the citizen levy wear the colours of the noble they serve – most commonly a combination of reds and greens.

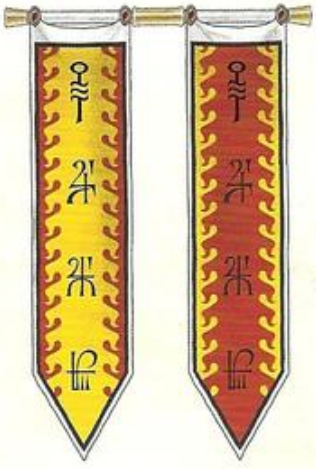
Even the common citizens of Caledor draw great pride from its Dragons. Their swords and helms often bear stylised wing designs.

▲ *Caledorian Sentinel*

▲ *Hawkeye*



Almost all Caledorian banners bear the image of one of the great Dragons of old, though a few hark back to their kingdom's greatest heroes. The sword of Caledor the Conqueror is a common symbol in the northern princedoms, for it was from here that his lineage sprang.



▲ *Dragon Mage of Caledor*

The Fireborn

As royal bodyguards of the ruling Prince of Caledor, the noble Imrik, the Fireborn are the finest knights in a kingdom rightly famed for its peerless mastery of war. Their shields bear the image of Indraugnir, the legendary Dragon that bore Aenarion to battle, an honour bestowed upon them by Imrik himself after they slew the great Bloodthirster, Gorecleaver, and led the charge that shattered the dread legion of Skalthrak the Slaughterer.

Ellyrion

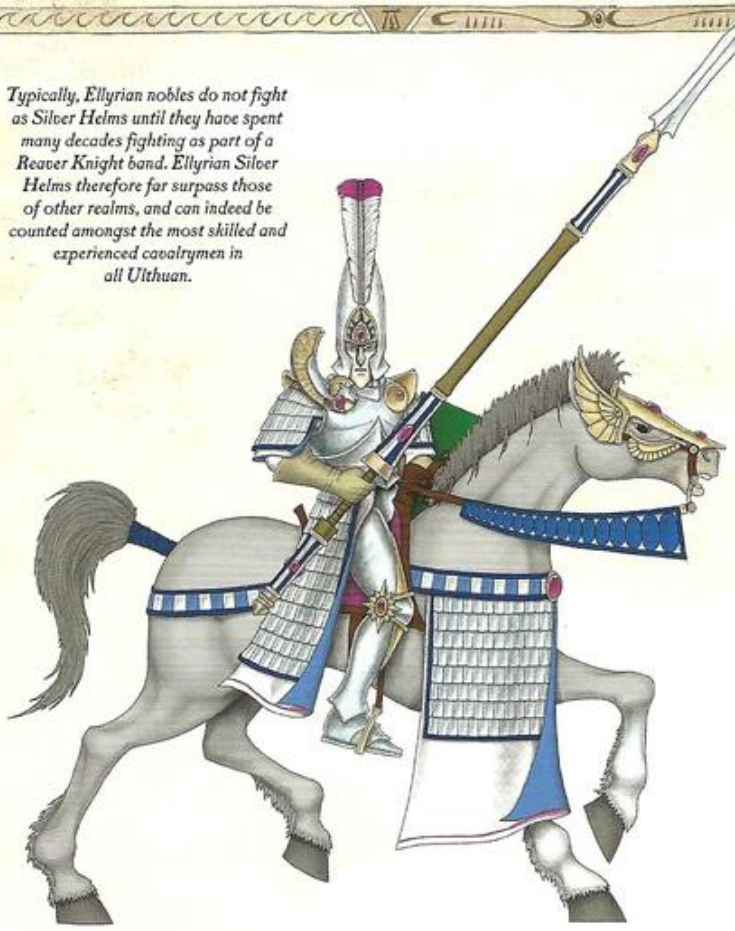
Ellyrion is a land of open plains and swift horses, of wild storms that clear as quickly as they break. This kingdom is home to perhaps the most hot-tempered of the High Elves, for the Ellyrians are easily roused to angry words and deeds should they feel that they, or their rightly famed horses, have been slighted. The Ellyrians are the finest horsemasters in Ulthuan, and their unparalleled Reaver Knights the continuation of a proud tradition from the days of Caledor the Conqueror. Though their land is protected by the ring of the Annulii Mountains and the great gates of the northern passes, the folk of Ellyrion must always be on their guard. The Dark Elves covet the wild black horses of the Ellyrian plains, and often launch raids merely to capture those steeds for their own. Worse, the Naggarothi care naught for horses of other colours, and simply slay them out of spite if they can. Thus are the steppes constantly patrolled by hard-eyed Ellyrians whose spears and bows are always close at hand.

The Ellyrian Reavers spend many days and nights in the saddle, riding behind enemy lines if need arises. They travel light, disdaining the full suits of armour worn by Silver Helms and Dragon Princes in favour of flexible coats crafted from ithilmar scale.

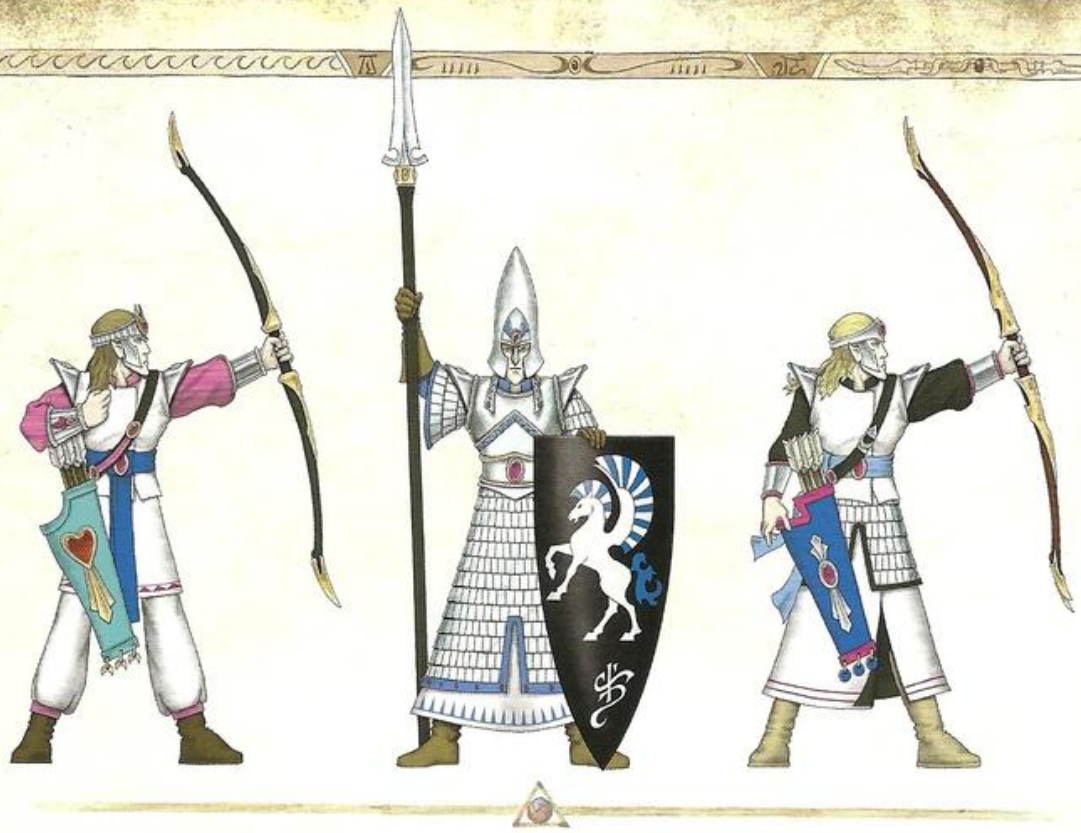
▲ *Harbinger*

Ellyrian Reavers carry trailing pennant banners that ripple gracefully in the winds of the steppes. It is said that their horses are trained to recognise such standards, so that they might gather to them should their riders be slain.

Typically, Ellyrian nobles do not fight as Silver Helms until they have spent many decades fighting as part of a Reaver Knight band. Ellyrian Silver Helms therefore far surpass those of other realms, and can indeed be counted amongst the most skilled and experienced cavalrymen in all Ulthuan.



Ellyrian banners and shields are replete with images of swift horses, Pegasi and other creatures of the open steppes. Each draws their inspiration from a particular legend or folktale where great heroes of Elvenkind and horsefolk came together to fight a common foe.



The citizen soldiers who garrison Tor Elyr, capital of Ellyrion, carry spears and longbows crafted from nightelm wood, an enchanted timber that can protect its wielder from the darkest of sorceries. Alas, during the Great Incursion, Malekith ordered the nightelm woods of Ellyrion set ablaze, so now the weapons of Tor Elyr are likely to be the very last of their kind.

The Heralds of the Wind

Despite the regiment's relative youth, the Heralds of the Wind are famed amongst the Reavers of Ellyrion. Their Harbinger, Toralien, has earned them great renown for his innate ability to read the ebb and flow of a battle. Thus have the Heralds of the Wind ever appeared precisely where they were needed at the crucial moment, sweeping aside war machines behind enemy lines or crashing home into their flanks to wreak utmost havoc.

Avelorn

Avelorn is the spiritual heart of Ulthuan, for it is here that the Everqueen holds court. It is a land of wonder and eternal summer, where creatures of legend still walk and miracles occur daily. Great Eagles nest in Avelorn's sun-dappled hills, and Unicorns walk its enchanted glades. To walk in Avelorn, it is said, is to experience everything beautiful the world has to offer. Little wonder is it then that some Elves spend a lifetime within its bounds, so entranced by the wonders within that they can no longer face the reality of the outer world. Yet beneath Avelorn's beauty lurks danger. The Evercourt is riven by bitter enmity and malice, as its various factions contest for the favour and affection of their queen. Wild beasts lurk in the forests' hidden depths, and Daemons prowl the foothills of the Annulii. So must the folk of Avelorn be forever on their guard. Though their land be bounteous and fair, there is nothing soft about the Elves of Avelorn.

▲ *High Sister*

The Sisters of Avelorn are warrior-maids appointed at the Everqueen's order. Theirs is the responsibility for guarding the forbidden groves, fending off marauding creatures with fellflame arrows.

There are many shrines to Isha hidden throughout Avelorn, and it is to these that the citizen levy muster in times of conflict. Each banner depicts the key icons of the shrine from which it marches to war. Common symbols are the weeping eye and bleeding heart of Isha.

The Dragon motif upon the point of this shield shows that the bearer has fought as part of the Dragon Gate's garrison.

Saphery

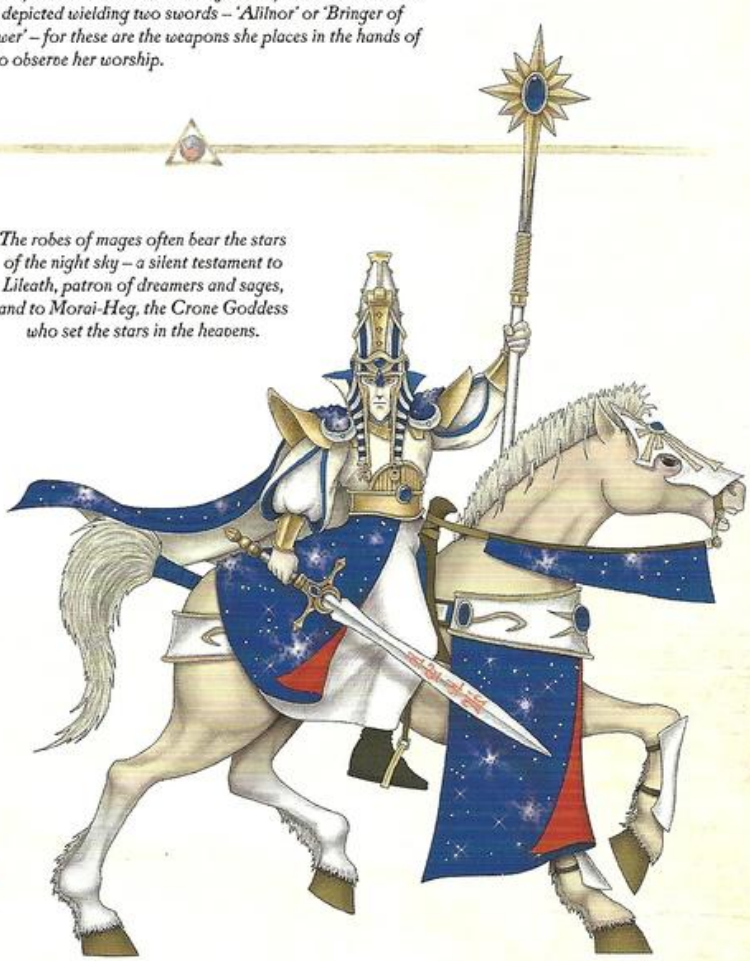
Saphery is the land of magic and wizardry, where careful study and puissant wisdom bring greater honours than battle ever could. All of the princes and nobles of this land are mages of great power, and it is said that magic, rather than blood, flows through their veins. Yet wisdom and wizardry alone will never be sufficient to keep a land in safety, and Saphery does not neglect its martial ways. Its spear and archer regiments are as well-trained and numerous as those of other lands, and a good many of its nobles are as dedicated to the arts of battle as they are the more esoteric practices of magic. Indeed, the wisdom of Saphery takes many forms, and not all of them are tied to sorcery. All manner of wisdom can be learnt in the cloistered chambers of this kingdom, from grand strategy to the tactics of desperation, from spearcraft to the shattering of siegeworks. To challenge the armies of Saphery, therefore, is to invite a swift, but impeccably inflicted, defeat.

The mage princes of Saphery are eccentric even by the standards of other High Elves, inclined to idiosyncratic manners of dress and armament. Almost all bear crescent tokens of Lileath, goddess of dreams and visions, for few mages can know success without her favour.

▲ *Archmage*

The banners of Sapherian princes often make reference to Lileath, or her symbol of the crescent moon. It is not uncommon for the goddess to be depicted wielding two swords – 'Alilnor' or 'Bringer of Knowledge' and 'Valénor' or 'Bringer of Power' – for these are the weapons she places in the hands of those who observe her worship.

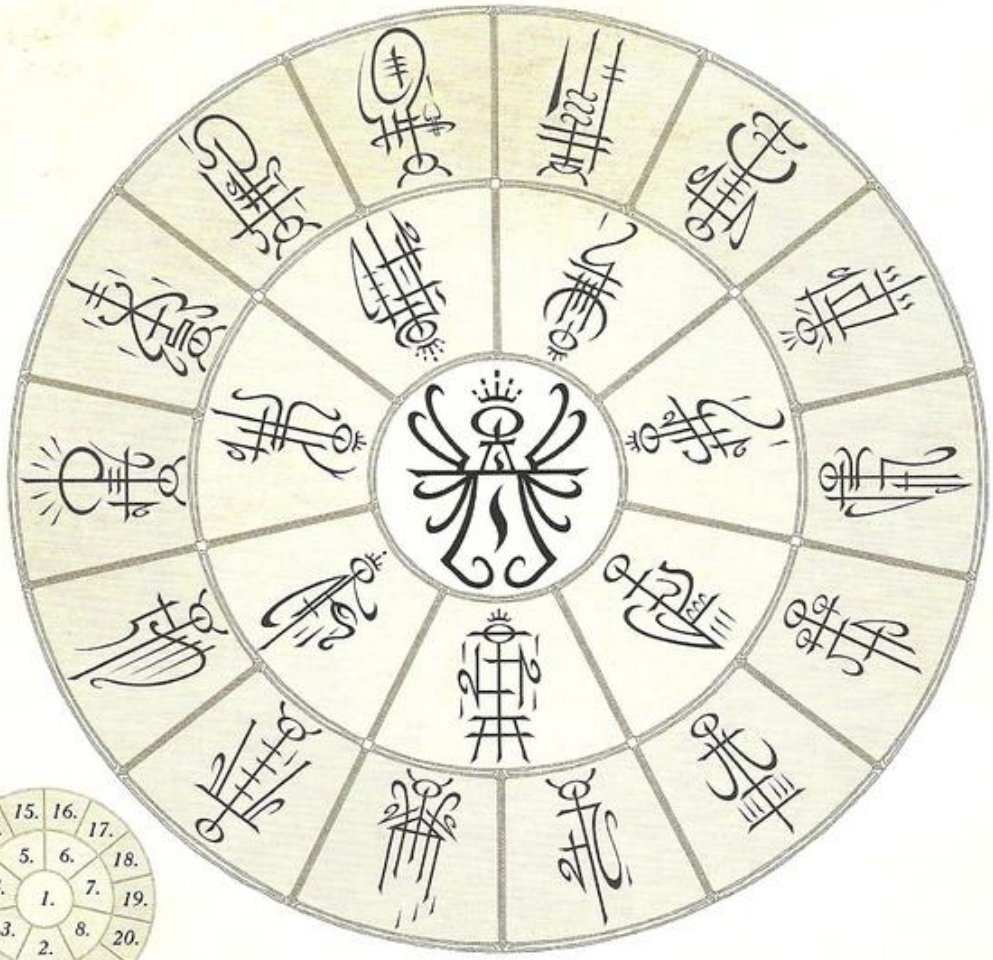
The robes of mages often bear the stars of the night sky – a silent testament to Lileath, patron of dreamers and sages, and to Morai-Heg, the Crone Goddess who set the stars in the heavens.



▲ *Mounted Archmage*

The Pantheonic Mandala

The deities of the Elves are divided into the Cadai, the gods of the Heavens, and the Cytharai, the gods of the Underworld. In Ulthuan, worship is given most freely to the Cadai, for the High Elves consider that these gods and goddesses represent the nobler sides of their natures. Accordingly, representations of the Pantheonic Mandala as used in Ulthuan place Asuryan as the centre of things, with an inner circle of Cadai arrayed around him. The outer circle is reserved for those gods of which the High Elves disapprove, or else court warily. The Dark Elves and Wood Elves also represent their deities using the Pantheonic Mandala, but they place the gods differently within its circles.



1. *Asuryan, the Creator*
2. *Vaul, the Maker*
3. *Isha, the Mother*
4. *Kurnous, the Hunter*
5. *Hoeth, Lord of Wisdom*
6. *Lileath, the Maiden*
7. *Loec, the Shadow Dancer*
8. *Mathlann, Lord of the Deeps*
9. *Khaine, the Bloody-Handed God*
10. *Ereth Khial, the Pale Queen*
11. *Nethu, Keeper of the Last Door*
12. *Anath Raema, the Savage Huntress*
13. *Morai-Heg, the Crone*
14. *Hekarti, Mistress of Magic*
15. *Atharti, Lady of Desire*
16. *Ladrielle, Lady of Mists*
17. *Estreuth, Lord of Hunger*
18. *Addaioth, Bringer of Fire*
19. *Eldrazor, Lord of Blades*
20. *Ellinill, Lord of Destruction*
21. *Hukon, the Sunderer*
22. *Drakira, Queen of Vengeance*

Swordmasters of Hoeth

The Swordmasters of Hoeth have dedicated their lives to the pursuit of martial perfection. They train ceaselessly with their slender greatswords, seeking to master every nuance of strike and counterstrike. A Swordmaster's first duty is to the Tower of Hoeth, and to the Loremasters who study within – accordingly, the tower features on almost every banner in some form or another. Nevertheless, each warrior is always eager to wield his sword in the Phoenix King's service, for it is in such battles that his skill will truly be tested.

Every Swordmaster's weapon is forged specifically for its wielder. The smiths of Hoeth take the recipient's height and stance into careful account when shaping the blade, and decorate the hilt, tang and pommel only with cloths and gemstones auspiciously linked with the wielder's hour of birth. It is rare, therefore, for two swords to be exactly the same.

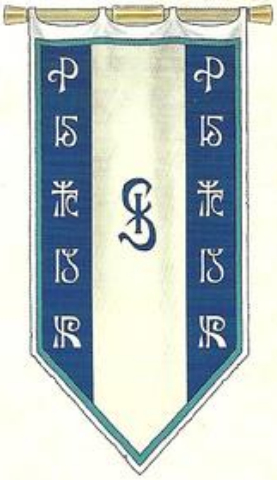
▲ *Loremaster of Hoeth*

▲ *Bladelord*

Warriors of Saphery set their wayshards into intricately crafted ailettes. These fixings are often treasured heirlooms handed down though the generations.

▲ *Sentinel*

Only a spear regiment assigned to guard a mage is entitled to bear the image of Lileath upon its shields. Others carry her symbol of the crescent moon, or one or more of the seven stars of Hoeth.



The Tower of Hoeth is a source of great pride for all Sapherian Elves, and appears – in some form or another – on many banner and shield designs.

Banner showing Cindermane, the celestial steed who bears Lileath across the heavens.

▲ *Silver Helm Standard Bearer*

Phoenixes of Ulthuan

Phoenixes have dwelt upon the alabaster Flamespyre crags for centuries untold, absorbing the energy of the magical winds that gust through the rocky columns. Though they are neither so noble nor wise as the Dragons of Caledor, the Flamespyre Phoenixes willingly lend their aid in the battle for Ulthuan's survival, fighting either on their own, or as steed for an Anointed of Asuryan.

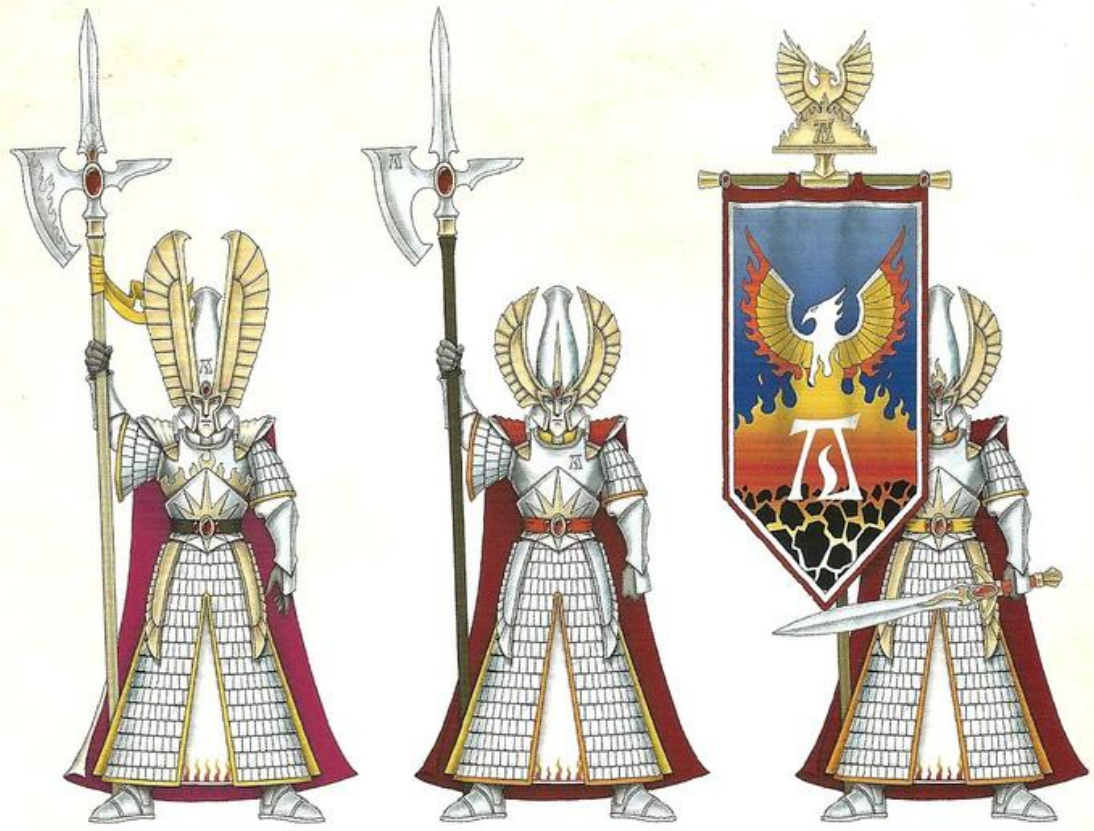
Phoenixes often offer themselves as mounts to the Anointed of Asuryan – the spiritual leaders of the Phoenix Guard. The creature will always seek out a rider whose temperament echoes its own, so Flamespyres seek out younger, more vibrant masters, whilst the Frosthearts are drawn to those Anointed whose ardour has cooled to a deep and measured wisdom.

The plumage of Flamespyre Phoenixes mirrors their impetuous nature. It is rare for two such birds to bear exactly the same markings, but all share the angry reds and vibrant yellows of a hungry flame.

Frostheart Phoenixes are aged Flamespyres, whose magical fire has faded with old age. Now they are living conduits of cold whose plumage glimmers with icy blues, chill purples and brilliant whites.

The Shrine of Asuryan

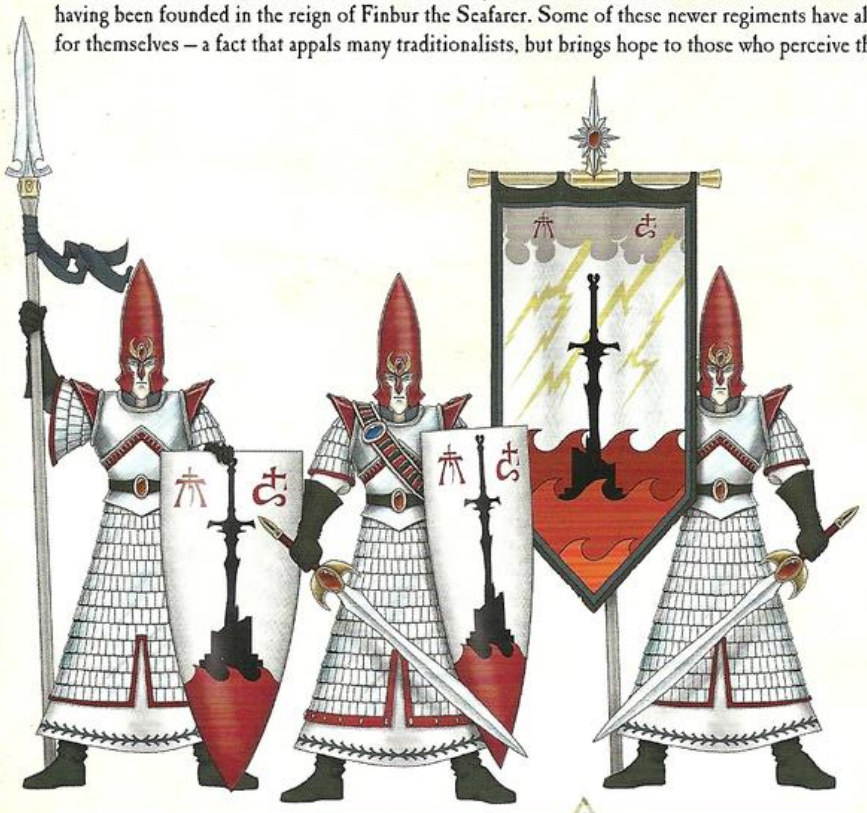
The Shrine of the Creator is the holiest place in all of Ulthuan. It is within this great pyramid temple that each new Phoenix King is crowned – at least, should he pass unharmed through Asuryan's sacred flame. The Shrine of Asuryan is watched over by the silent warriors of the Phoenix Guard. Only they, of all mortals, have witnessed the full wisdom of the Creator.



▲ *Keeper of the Flame*

Famous Regiments of Ulthuan

Most of Ulthuan's regiments have a storied history that stretches back into the mists of time, but a few are relative newcomers, having been founded in the reign of Finbur the Seafarer. Some of these newer regiments have already earned a potent reputation for themselves – a fact that appals many traditionalists, but brings hope to those who perceive the darkness of the days ahead.



REVENANTS OF KHAINE

The site of the Altar of Khaine, and the resting place of his Widowmaker, the Blighted Isle is sacred ground to both High Elves and Dark Elves. The battles that rage across its shores are amongst the most bitterly contested of any age.

Worst of all are those battles fought by the Revenants of Khaine. These warriors of Nagarythe have lost all family and friends to the endless war, and have now sworn to defend the Shrine of Khaine from their black-hearted kin. Though other Elves admire the Revenants and their unceasing determination, they also find them unsettling, for the shadow of Khaine lies heavy upon every Revenant's vengeful heart.

MISTWALKERS OF YVRESSE

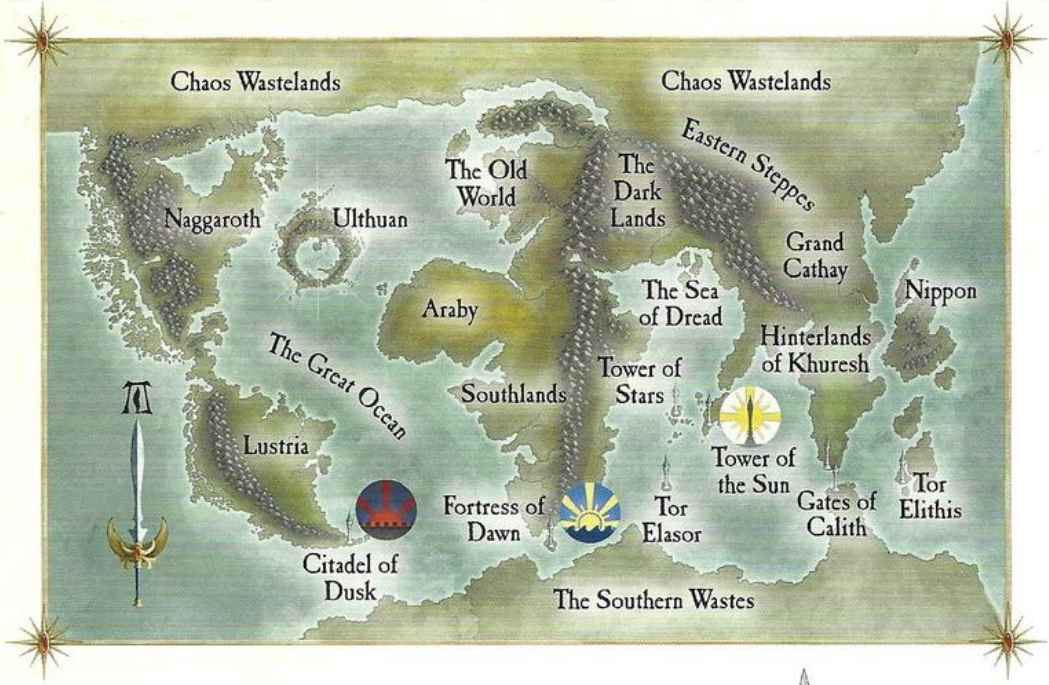
The Mistwalkers are rangers who patrol the valleys and hills of Yvresse, longbow and sword ever-ready to repel the Daemons who lurk within the magical mists.

Since their inception by Moranion of Athel Tamarha, the Mistwalkers have recruited from the sons of the nobility, rather than the citizen levy. Many of Yvresse's currently reigning princes saw their first battles from within the Mistwalkers' ranks and honed their steely nerve in battle against the daemonic horrors of the shrouded hills.

The Mistwalkers are not an official part of Yvresse's armies, but still owe fealty to the Warden of Tor Yvresse. No other prince knows the full truth of Yvresse's plight – that the kingdom is held from ruination only by the deeds of the grey-garbed Mistwalkers.

Outposts

Though the High Elves are no longer the dominant colonial power that they once were, they still maintain several far-flung outposts.



TOWER OF THE SUN

This alabaster fortress watches over sea routes across the southern ocean, and acts as a staging post should the armies of Ulthuan need passage to the lands of Ind, Cathay and beyond. It is always depicted in silhouette.

FORTRESS OF DAWN

The spires of this port city are built around a single colossal waystone, a rare and valuable remnant of the days when the sun never set upon the Phoenix King's empire.

CITADEL OF DUSK

The Citadel of Dusk is invisible to all save those who serve within its walls. It stands guard over the sea routes to the Turtle Isles and beyond. The fortress' garrison bear banners the colour of the night sky.

By: Neil Hodgson and Mat Ward **Cover Art:** Dave Gallagher

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Mage of Saphery

Standard Bearer of Caledor

Spearman of Tiranoc

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